



EMBELLISHED QUARTERLY, WITH A HANDSOME ENGRAVING.

VOL. VIII. [IV. NEW SERIES.] HUDSON, N. Y. SEPTEMBER 24, 1831.

NO. 9.

ORIGINAL TALES.

Third Prize Tale.

Written for the Rural Repository, by Augustus L. Bixby.

LOVE'S INTERLUDE.

'Love,—Affection—fondness—a kind of silk stuff'—Walker.

Without any preface, preamble or apology, allow me, gentle reader, to introduce thee to Squire Lummex, justice of the peace and quorum, in and for one of the outlandish counties of Connecticut. You will find him a very fun-loving, jolly old soul; and so far as personal entity is concerned, very much after the ordinary run of justices.

Of his spouse, suffice it to say, she is as loving, dutiful and cheerful as could be expected, considering how horribly she is afflicted with the blues, fidgets, and in short, all that train of intellectual diseases, which old women are heirs to. Having read several treatises on the disorders of the head, liver and heart, there is not one on the list, of which she does not sometimes suppose herself the unfortunate victim; and I doubt not she would long ere this have given up the ghost from mere imaginary disease, had she not been a firm and undoubting believer in the infallible efficacy of certain magic herbs, cropped at particular ages of the moon; and in that sovereign remedy for all complaints, seeing the new moon over the right shoulder.

But we must forget the whims and oddities of the mother, in the rare excellencies and virtues of her only daughter. Oh! that Mr. and Mrs. Lummex had felt as much of poetic inspiration at her christening, as for thy sake, gentle reader, I now do most sincerely wish they had, and I might then have introduced thee to our heroine under the prepossession of as soft and bewitching a name, as thy fastidious ear could wish. And yet—

'What's in a name? That which we call a rose'

By any other name would smell as sweet, says the poet, and so would the Squire's daughter.

But murder they say will out;—so out with JEMIMA! Art chop-fallen reader? Then while

thine ear is quivering under the violence which that word has done it, let us just take a peep at the person of the lass. And see! yonder she comes, 'over the hills,' &c. tripping like a fairy? No;—flouncing like a buffalo. Observe that form! short, plump, and after the united similitudes of her worthy sire and an apple dumpling tied in the middle; those jet black eyes! where Cherubs and Cupids are holding their rogueish gambols beneath the shade of those dark o'er pendant eyebrows;—those ruby lips! where lovely innocence sits enthroned, apparently well pleased with her accommodations, dust and ashes to the contrary notwithstanding;—then that fair and roseate complexion! plenteously spread over the surface of those cheeks, like molasses over a loaf of election cake;—and in short if Cupid be not nestling in the dimple of that chin, pray where does he? O what a girl is this my countryman!

Proverbial for her industry, and the skill and neatness with which she used to manage the Squire's dairy, she seldom stooped from the fanciful regions of the imagination, alias butter and cheese, to the minor consideration of her own habiliments; and though her beautiful black tresses of hair, might have sometimes had the appearance of an 'Hurra's nest,' as madam Royal has it, yet was it all the result of that industry which the poet says *vincit omnia*, and why not that head of hair likewise?

But she had not so exclusively given her attention to domestic affairs, as to wholly neglect the cultivation of the fine arts. She could sing as robust a song, as the dullest ear could wish; and I doubt not could have wielded the drum stick as valiantly as half the Drum Majors in New England.

She could paint too; testify a pathetic mourning piece, which hung in a rock maple frame over the fire place, and was allowed on all hands to be her masterpiece. The family were always proud of the production; and took the greatest pleasure in discussing its merits, and pointing out its beauties to strangers.

Need I add that she could dance too? Is it not recorded in the squeaking timbers and consumptive beams of the village ball room?

Marvel not then, when I say, that the fair Jemima, the only daughter and heiress apparent of Squire Lummex, had her admirers; and was the *great* reigning belle in the circles where she moved. Naturally of a mild and affectionate temperament, she cordially requited, so far as she was able consistently with the duties of a dairy maid, the attentions and civilities of them all; and yet,—there was a certain something in Ichabod Goff, that somehow pleased her mightily; there seemed to be more wit and romance in all his shines and capers, than in those of the other aspirants; and when it fell to Ichabod's lot to redeem a forfeit with her, there was always, for some reason or other, a warmer and more cordial interchange of feeling.

But ah! gentle reader, my pen begins to flag; how can I do justice to lovers like these? I must therefore pass over all their billing and cooing—the melting eloquence of those silent stares, gazes, &c.—those inestimable tokens of love, such as beech nuts, rings, locks of hair, etc.—and in short, Cupid's whole paraphernalia, and leave it for thee to imagine, with the aid of all the experience which thou hast thyself had, our unsuspecting lovers in the full enjoyment of all those delightful sensations which arise from being in love; or as Walker has it, 'a kind of silk stuff.'

If there is ever a time in the journey of life from the cradle to the grave, when the feelings are permitted to flow out pure from the heart, unsullied by the tributary streams of selfishness and scheming calculation, it is when, for the first time, we feel those tender emotions, which now warmed the hearts of Ichabod Goff and Jemima Lummex.

Not so with Mr. and Mrs. Lummex. The sounding title of Squire, smacked a little too much of aristocracy, in their opinion, and their beloved Jemima was by far too rare a prize, to allow her marriage with one of the ignoble herd; and though they could find no fault in Ichabod's character, yet there was one insurmountable objection to him namely, his extreme poverty. They accordingly, as soon as the attachment was officially made known to them, peremptorily forbid all future intercourse between them; and the consequence of this was it was very soon rumoured, that Ichabod, to use the phraseology of that latitude, had gone to the South to seek his fortune, in the capacity of a pedlar; aye—a Connecticut pedlar.

It was a sore thing to Jemima; she loved her Ichabod. But when she beheld the stern resolution of her father, she knew the utter folly of all entreaty; she might as well attempt to reverse one of his legal decisions, yea the Squire himself. And then when she remembered the extreme petulency of her mother, how would her heart bounce within her! and sometimes even a tear or two would tickle down

her cheeks. There were some weighty objections to tears however; for her loving mother never failed to construe them as certain signs of an attack of the lumbago, or a polypus upon the heart; and the inevitable consequence of this was, a quart bowl full of red hot hearts-ease tea,—steeped three times seven minutes, and extracted from the leaves cut when the moon was just twice seven days old.

In this way Jemima was very soon cured of her malady; at least, so far as outward appearances were concerned; and continued to joke and flounce about with other admirers, and make butter and cheese, the same as if she had never seen Ichabod. Unlike many of her sex in higher walks of life, she had not spent her time reading novels and romances, to improve her taste, and warn her of the deceit and arts of men; she had never heard of the exquisite delights of sitting 'like patience on a monument,' to be pitied and looked at by an *ungrateful* and *unfeeling* world, and waste and pine away in 'green and yellow melancholy;' besides, it was horrible to think of the *catnip* consequences of such conduct.

The image of Ichabod however was never entirely effaced from her heart. Many a summer's eve would she steal away to the shores of her father's millpond, after having milked the cows and adjusted the dairy, and there all alone give vent to the romantic feelings of her heart. There was a calm serenity, a sort of witchery in the scene, that seemed to sooth her heart wonderfully. The very music of the frogs administered consolation; in the shrill peeps, of the youthful part of the congregation, she fancied she heard the familiar sounds of 'Ich! Ich!'—and in the manly tones of the more matured, the beloved name of 'Ichabod Goff! Ichabod Goff!'—while the venerable and aged croakers of the choir, as if aware of her feelings and willing to sympathize in them, seemed to mourn, *ab imo pectore* and with charming pathos and moderation 'Goff's gone! Goff's gone!'

Among other admirers of Jemima, subsequent to Ichabod's downfall and departure, was David Durkee. He was the youngest and favorite son of an old gentleman who sustained a character in the community not very unlike that of Scott's Old Mortality; and who at his death conveyed his special blessing upon David in fee simple forever, over and above the seventh part of an old pitch pipe, with which he used to edify the ears of the congregation, and which was the only patrimony of which he stood seized to the use of his numerous family of sons. It was not a little in David's favor also, that he was the seventh son; for in the opinion of the good people, there is a peculiar magic in the number seven; but like the consideration of a bond or specialty, is never to be inquired into.

Every body supposed David was in love with Jemima; else why those frequent patrols in front of the Squire's mansion house?

why those precise and measured steps, those graceful swings of the arms, those sidelong glances of love? And why those purple blushes if not because he loved her? Aye, and if you had seen as often as I have, that sage and gracious David shaking the hoof in the merry dance, and as he was moving along the figure with all the regularity of a steam engine, counting to himself in audible whispers '*one, two, three, four and five*' according to the directions of the dancing master, and all for Jemima's eye, you too would say he was in '*silk stuff*'.

Although his extreme diffidence always prevented him from popping the all important question to his Dulcinea Del Jemima, yet did his actions bespeak the thoughts and intents of his heart louder than words. But he was a wonderous meek man withal; and never thought of pushing his claims as a lover, while there was any other one upon the carpet. He had seen lovers ebb and flow one after another, and had as often stepped tamely aside, till at length he was left alone upon the field, without a single rival to molest. Encouraged with the hopes of success, and in order to do away all objections to his being a tinker by trade, he immediately purchased two dozen knapt and wool hats, and actually mounted the flaming sign of '*DAVID DURKEE'S HAT STORE*.'

His success he now considered certain; and so did every body else, till Isaac Bawler commenced his singing school, when the dark clouds of uncertainty began to gather again, Isaac was one of those roving Orpheuses, who travel about the more heathenish parts of New England during the winter seasons, teaching the good people, how they may most effectually force down the blessings of heaven by the violence of their song. He was a notorious musician; could play the fiddle, and was skilled in all the science of flats and sharps, rythms and chords, &c.; that is to say, gentle reader, in his own opinion. But the only principle he ever acknowledged in practice, was, to use his own words, '*the more noise the better*,' and he always tested the excellence of music by the quantity of sound. With him it was all one continued crash of Fortis and Fortissimos from beginning to end, without one single Pia, where a poor wearied spirit might take breath. It is said that he was once found holding both feet in cold water, just before an exhibition at which he was to perform a tremendous solo, in order to take a slight cold, as he said, by way of increasing the power of his lungs, and giving them extra thunder.

If we may believe him also, he had seen lots of pretty guls, and had made innumerable conquests all over the country, by the sly winks and native witchery of his eye; indeed, he could tell such marvellous and interesting stories about himself, as would sometimes even cause Mrs. Lummex to suspend her catnip potations in admiration. In short, he had aped so much of the gentleman in his periginations, and had become the insolvent

debtor of so genteel a tailor, who could blame Jemima for looking upon him with some degree of complacency?

David to be sure thought otherwise; he could not see why the trade of a tinker under the cloak of two dozen assorted hats, was not quite as reputable as that of a singing master; and since it was the object of both to make as much noise as possible, he thought his quite as good as that of Isaac. Indeed I must say he was quite rational in this opinion; for I always thought that the tones of Isaac's voice would have been far more sweet and mellifluous, if the leaks and cracks of his gutturals had but been subjected to a few operations of David's soldering iron.

Imagine now all those personages, sans Ichabod, whose names are herein mentioned, collected together at church one fine Sunday morning;—the Squire seated at the head of his pew profoundly cogitating;—his consort in the stuffed arm chair with a smelling bottle in her hand, in case of any sudden ossification of the heart;—Jemima in one corner of the pew; in fair view of Isaac, and holding her hand very devoutly to her face, but with a space between the first and second fingers sufficiently large for peeping;—Isaac in the gallery presiding in awful majesty at the head of his choir, and casting now and then a love glance at Jemima &c.;—and David, poor soul, in fair view of all parties, watching with an eagle eye every movement, and in full communion with all the horrors of the imagination.

When the parson rose to name the morning hymn, the assembly was as still as if he had been about to read their eternal destiny. As he was solemnly proceeding to recite it, every ear was listening, yea, and the tongues of women were hushed in silence, when suddenly '*martyrs*,' cried a hoarse voice in the gallery; and '*martyrs*' is echoed through the vaulted roof. All eyes were now turned on Isaac, who sat thrumming his fiddle, and sagely looking about upon the congregation, like Satan of yore from the tree of knowledge upon the fair garden of Eden.

When the minister had finished the hymn, one dash of the fiddle bow and a sonorous '*sol mi fa*' by way of a pitch, and then were heard innumerable voices of various cadence uttering '*la*' in the minor key as loud as they could bawl. By the time they were fully under way, and the thoughts and intents of the devout were fast sojourning to the skies, propelled by the force of Isaac's high pressure system of music, our hero of the fiddlestick, taking advantage of the charm with which he had bound them, signified a most irresistibly loving wink to his adorable Jemima; who made not the least objection on her heart to a warm and cordial reciprocation, and all in the sight of David. Poor soul! he had seen several sidelong glances pass between them, but nothing so cutting as this. And oh! the '*tremor cordis*,' the fever and ague of the heart, the

quaking of the bones that ensued. Fully confirmed now in all his suspicions, and feigning an attack of the nose bleed, he very unceremoniously decamped from the church, not without a noble resolve however, to revenge himself on Isaac, the first opportunity that should offer. Well was it for David that he departed when he did, considering the many like scenes on that forenoon; and as to the afternoon, David tabernacled in his Hat Store.

The next morning, while he was sitting in his shop, soldering on the snout of an old teapot with a tremulous hand and a heavy heart, in came his hated rival, pulling out a long nine from his mouth and with a somewhat important air bidding him 'Good morning!' But David was speechless.

'Have you got any rings in your jewelry store, Mr. Durkee?'

'None for you;—this is a Hat Store,' was the gruff reply of our tinker.

'But don't be irascible,' quoth Isaac somewhat disconcerted.

'Where did you get that dictionary word Mr. Bawler?'

'None of your business, you booby tinker.'

The pride of our hat merchant could bear no more; up flew the soldering iron, 'Get out of my store, sir!' 'I wont,' says laconic Isaac, and so to loggerheads they went,—*mars et hurrida bella*—blow on blow—Pelion on Ossa and so contra, till David suddenly tweaking him by the nose, with a gentle application of the soldering iron, threw him from his balance smash! into the face and eyes of an old wooden clock; whereupon *Tempus fugit* in a fright, and has never been heard from to this day. In the mean time, those two dozen hats in one general sympathetic burst of indignation came tumbling from their resting places, where for months they had been gathering dust and supporting his dignity as a tinker; and even the spirit of the shop floor gave a far fetched groan of perturbation.

David having now the decided advantage over his rival, began to take the sweetest revenge he could find upon the head and ears of poor prostrate Isaac; who thereupon let fly such a pathetic appeal of '*sol mi fa's*,' as very soon brought in the neighbours to his aid. David now suspended his operations, and began to explain the affair to the bystanders, while yet astride of his victim, 'You—' *lie* Isaac would have said, but there was a tongue in that soldering iron whispered in feeling tones 'beware!'

However he was at length released from his uncomfortable duress, and lost no time to repair to his lodgings in order

'To mollify th' uneasy pang
Of every honorable bang,'

with which David in his wrath had somewhat unceremoniously belaboured him. Indeed I know not but that he would have come away from the conflict 'Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans every thing,' and with scarce any other

proof of his existence but the consoling one of the philosopher '*Ego cogito ergo sum*,' had not the good citizens kindly interfered in his behalf. By the continued internal application of 'Dr. Ross's patent jaundice bitters, good for bruises,' &c. and which we are sorry to say was by far too agreeable a medicine, so far as alcohol was concerned, he was enabled in a very few days to dissipate the purple festoons and furbelows which had so gracefully settled along the lowering welkin of his countenance; and the bewitching Cupids began to resume their thrones upon the pupils of his eyes.

David in the mean time by telling his own story had completely ingratiated himself into the smiles and favor of his beloved; yea, and the sun, in the course of a day or two, rose in full splendour upon the sign of 'David Durkee's — Store;' over the word 'Hat,' had been drawn the pasteboard curtain of oblivion, and was blotted out forever.

Every thing went on now harmoniously according to the aspirations of our quondam Hat Merchant, without any thing to harass or molest him, till one evening as he sat conversing with Jemima, recounting his deeds of valor and with his usual Quaker like moderation, all at once the sounds of music fell upon the ear and in tones not to be mistaken; they were none other than those of convalescent Isaac, who having seen them through the window in a *tele-a-tete*, and feeling a little vexed withal at victorious David, suddenly struck up the air of 'Coal black Rose,' and began to serenade them with a song which he had prepared for the occasion somehow thus;

'Lubly Mime! I come don't you think

Don't you hear the tinker, tink, tink, tink.' &c.

The feelings of the merchant all simultaneously rose in David's bosom; and irritated beyond all endurance at this fresh insult, he forthwith gathered himself together and made for the door, brim full of wrath and vengeance, to avenge the injury. But Isaac was too foxy for him; and observing his preludes, was soon on his winding way and out of the reach of the unfeeling merciless soldering iron, and the awful paws which had wielded it in days of yore; not however without letting fly in his retreat such a volley of '*tink, tink, tinks*,' as was said to have rung in the ears of poor David for many months subsequent.

But ah! 'Disappointment lurks in every prize,
As bees in flowers, and stings us with success;'

No sooner had he composed himself again into conversation, after having given up the fruitless pursuit of Isaac, than a stranger was heard to knock at the outer door; that stranger was Ichabod Goff. He had come back from the South, having been successful in the capacity of a Connecticut pedlar, and with great credit to that profession, to claim again his beloved Jemima. All her former feelings of love for Ichabod now began to blubber up in her heart and there was no objection on her part. Having burnished up the baillon of his homespun,

it needed but a single peep into his pocket-book, to obtain the Squire's consent. As for the old lady she saw by the catnip grounds in the bottom of her tea cup, that they would be prospered and would long escape the ossification of the heart and their children spared from polypuses. David, he hung up his soldering iron on the poplars, where it shrieked for a while, but I believe has at last fallen asleep. Isaac soon assumed the profession of a dancing-master extraordinary, and is now teaching for aught I know, the gay and thoughtless how they may most gracefully grind away their soles upon the sanded floor of life. The parson joined the hands of Ichabod Goff and Jemima Lummex in an eternal knot—wished them well, and so do I. The sequel *non constat*.

Here, gentle reader, is a grand place for a moral; but I fear the prize committee will not thank me for one: so I wish thee much joy for having followed me thus far, keeping said moral to myself. For the unclassical and unromantic names of our lovers, I hoped to have atoned by that truly poetical title of 'Love's Interlude,' which I mounted over yonder; meaning thereby so much of the marvellous as happened from Ichabod's departure to the south, with a continuando, as lawyers say, till his return. I must therefore bid thee adieu, with a round, positive, loyal and legal averment, that I do most sincerely wish, in the words of Sir Walter,

'To all, to each a fair good night
And pleasing dreams and slumbers light.'

From the Diary of a late London Physician.

A SLIGHT COLD.

(Concluded.)

'Ah Doctor—, I wish to heaven I had rowed on to Westminster, tired as I was!' said he—'Good God, what if I have caught my death of cold!—You cannot conceive how singular my sensations are!'

'That's generally the way with patients after the mischief's done,' I replied with a smile—'But come! come! only take care of yourself, and matters are not at all desperate!—Heigh-ho!—Sighing like a furnace,' I continued gayly, on hearing him utter several sighs in succession—'You sons of Mars make hot work of it, both in love and war!—again he sighed. 'Why, what's the matter, Captain?'

'Oh, nothing—nothing,' he replied languidly, 'I suppose a cold generally oppresses one's spirits—is it so? Is it a sign of a severe?—'

'It is a sign that a certain person?—'

'Pho, Doctor, pho!—said he, with an air of lassitude—'don't think me so childish!—I'll tell you candidly what has contributed to depress my spirits. For this last week or so, I've had a strange sort of conviction that—'

'Nonsense!—none of your nervous fancies!—'

'Ah but I have, Doctor,' he continued, scarce noticing the interruption, 'I've felt a sort of presentiment—a foreboding that—that—that

something or other would occur to prevent my marriage!'

'Oh, tush—tush!—every one has these low nervous fancies that is not accustomed to sickness.'

'Well—it may be so—I hope it may be nothing more; but I seem to hear a voice whispering—or at least, to be under an influence to that effect, that the cup will be dashed brimful from my opening lips—a fearful slip!—It seems as if my Ellen were too great a happiness for the Fates to allow one!—'

'This wont do at all,' replied I, taking my pen in hand, and beginning to write a prescription.

'Are you thirsty at all? any catching in the side when you breathe? Any cough?—&c. &c. said I, asking him the usual routine of questions. I feared from the symptoms he described, that he had caught a very severe, and possibly obstinate, cold—so I prescribed active medicines. Amongst others, I recollect ordering him one fourth of a grain of *tartarized antimony* every four hours, for the purpose of encouraging the insensible perspiration, and thereby determining the flow outwards. I then left him, promising to call about noon the next day, expressing my expectations of finding him perfectly recovered from his indisposition. I found him the following morning in bed, thoroughly under the influence of the medicines I had prescribed, and, in fact, much better in every respect. The whole surface of his body was damp, and clammy to the touch, and he had exactly the proper sensation of nausea—both occasioned by the antimony. I contented myself with prescribing a repetition of the medicines.

'Well, Captain, and what has become of your glorious forebodings of last night?' I inquired with a smile.

'Why—hem! I'm certainly not quite so desponding as I was last night; but still, the goal—the goal's not reached yet! I'm not well yet—and even if I were, there's a good fortnight's space for contingencies!—' * * I enjoined him to keep house for a day or two longer, and persevere with the medicines during that time, in order to his complete recovery and he reluctantly acquiesced.

* * * * *

[The Captain kept not his word, and yielding to the persuasions of a friend and brother officer, a relation of Ellen, went that night to the Opera.]

I found him on calling in the morning, exhibiting the incipient symptoms of inflammation of the lungs. He complained of increasing difficulty of breathing, a sense of painful oppression and constriction all over his chest, and a hard harassing cough, attended with excruciating pain. His pulse quivered and thrilled under the finger, like a tense harp-string after it has been *twanged*; the whole surface of his body was dry and heated; his face was flushed, and full of anxiety. A man

of his robust constitution, and plethoric habit, was one of the very worst subjects of inflammation! I took from the arm, myself, a very large quantity of blood—which presented the usual appearance in such cases—and prescribed active lowering remedies. But neither these measures, nor the application of a large blister in the evening—when I again saw him—seemed to make any impression on the complaint, so I ordered him to be bled again. Poor Captain C—! From that morning he prepared himself for a fatal termination of his illness, and lamented, in the most passionate terms, that he had not acted up to my advice in time!

On returning home from my evening visit, I found an express, requiring my instant attendance on a lady of distinction in the country, an old patient of mine; and was obliged to hurry off, without having time to do more than to commit the case of Captain C—, and another equally urgent, to the care of Dr. D—, a friend of mine close by, imploring him to keep up the most active treatment with the Captain—and promising him that I should return during the next day. I was detained in the country for two days, during which I scarcely left Lady —'s bedroom an instant; and before I left for town she expired, under heart-rending circumstances. On returning to town, I found several urgent cases requiring my instant attention, and first and foremost that of poor Captain C—. Dr. D— was out, so I hurried to my patient's bed side at once. It cannot injure any one at this distance of time to state plainly, that the poor Captain's case had been most deplorably mismanaged during my absence. It was owing to no fault of my friend Dr. D—, who had done his utmost, and had his own large practice to attend to.—He was therefore under the necessity of committing the case to the more immediate superintendence of a young and inexperienced member of the profession, who, in his ignorance and timidity threw aside the only chances for Captain C—'s life—repeated blood-letting. Only once did Mr. — bleed him; and then took away about four ounces! Under the judicious management of Dr. D—, the inroads of the inflammation had been sensibly checked; but it rallied again, and made head against the languid resistance continued by the young apothecary; so that I arrived but in time to witness the closing scene.

He was absolutely withering under the fever; the difficulty with which he drew his breath amounted almost to suffocation. He had a dry hacking cough—the oppression of his chest was greater than ever; and what he expectorated was of a black colour! He was delirious, and did not know me. He fancied himself on the river rowing—then endeavouring to protect Miss — from the inclemency of the weather! and the expressions of moving tenderness which he coupled with her name, were heart-breaking. Then again he thought himself in —-shire, superintending the altera-

tions of his house, which was getting ready for their reception on their marriage. He mentioned *my* name, and said, 'What a gloomy man that Dr. — is, Ellen! he keeps one stewing in bed for a week, if one has but a common cold!'

Letters were despatched into —-shire, to acquaint his family, and that of Miss —, with the melancholy tidings of his dangerous illness. Several of his relations soon made their appearance; but as Miss —'s party did not go direct home, but staid a day or two on the way, I presume the letters reached — House long before their arrival, and were not seen by the family before poor Captain C— had expired!

I called again on him in the evening. The first glance at his countenance sufficed to show me that he could not survive the night. I found that the cough and spitting had ceased suddenly; he felt no pain; his feeble, varying pulse, indicated that the powers of nature were rapidly sinking. His lips had assumed a fearfully livid hue, and were occasionally retracted so as to show all his teeth; and his whole countenance was fallen. He was quite sensible, and aware that he was dying. He bore the intelligence with noble fortitude, saying, it was but the fruit of his own imprudence and folly. He several times ejaculated, 'Oh, Ellen—Ellen—Ellen!' and shook his head feebly, with a woful, despairing look upwards, but without shedding a tear. He was past all display of active emotion!

'Shouldn't you call me a *suicide*, Doctor?' said he, mournfully, on seeing me sitting beside him.

'Oh, assuredly not! Dismiss such thoughts, dear Captain, I beg! We are *all* in the hands of the Almighty, Captain. It is *He* who orders our ends,' said I, gently grasping his hand which lay passive on the counterpane. 'Well, I suppose it is so! His will be done!' he exclaimed, looking reverently upwards, and closing his eyes. I rose, and walked to the table on which stood his medicine, to see how much of it he had taken. *There* lay an unopened letter from Miss —! It had arrived by that morning's post, and bore the post-mark of the town at which they were making their halt by the way. Captain —'s friends considered it better not to agitate him, by informing him of its arrival; for as Miss — could not be apprised of his illness, it might be of a tenor to agitate and tantalize him. My heart ached to see it. I returned presently to my seat beside him.

'Doctor,' he whispered, 'will you be good enough to look for my white waistcoat!—it is hanging in the dressing room, and feel in the pocket for a little paper parcel?' I rose, did as he directed, and brought him what he asked for.

'Open it, and you'll see poor Ellen's wedding-ring and guard, which I purchased only a day or two ago. I wish to see them,' said he,

in a low but firm tone of voice I removed the wool, and gazed at the glistening trinkets in silence, as did Captain C—.

'They will do to wed me to the worm!' said he, extending towards me the little finger of his left hand. The tears nearly blinded me—I did as he wished, but could not get them past the first joint.

'Ah, Ellen has a little finger —' said he. A tear fell from my eye upon his hand. He looked at me for an instant with apparent surprise. 'Never mind, Doctor—that will do—I see they won't go farther. Now, let me die with them on; and when I am no more, let them be given to Ellen. I have wedded her in my heart—she is my wife!' He continued gazing fixedly at the finger on which the rings were.

'Of course, she cannot know of my illness?' looking at me. I shook my head.

'Good. 'Twill break her little heart, I'm afraid!' Those were the last words I ever heard him utter; for finding that my feelings were growing too excited and that the Captain seemed disposed to sleep, I rose and left the room, followed by Lieutenant —, who had been sitting at his friend's bedside all day long, and looked dreadfully pale and exhausted. 'Doctor,' said he, in a broken voice, as we stood together in the hall, 'I have murdered my friend; and he thinks I have. He won't speak to me, nor look at me! He hasn't opened his lips to me once, though I've been at his bedside night and day: Yes,' he continued, almost choking, 'I've murdered him; and what is to become of my sister!' I made him no reply, for my heart was full.

In the morning I found Captain C— *laid out*; for he had died about midnight.

Few scenes are fraught with more solemnity and awe, none more chilling to the heart, than the chamber of the recent dead. It is like the cold porch of eternity! The sepulchral silence, the dim light, the fearful order and repose all around—a sick-room, as it were, suddenly changed into a charnel-house—the central object in the gloomy picture, the bed—the yellow effigy of him that was, looking coldly out from the white unruffled sheets—the lips that must speak no more—the eyes that are shut for ever.

The features of Captain C—were calm and composed; but to see that fine countenance surrounded with the close crimped cap, injuring its outline and proportions!—Here, reader, lay the victim of a SLIGHT COLD.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Judges of Assize.—Mr. Baron V—— and Mr. Justice G——, the one a very tall, the other a short man, once going the same Circuit, an ignorant rustic at a country town, hearing them styled 'Judges of Assize,' boldly demurred to the appellation, declaring as his reason, that he never saw two men *less of a size* in his life.

A Scottish nobleman one day visited a lawyer at his office, in which at the time there was a blazing fire, which led him to exclaim, Mr. — your office is hot as an oven.' So it should be, my lord,' said the lawyer, 'as it is here that I make my bread.'

Some of the provincial *literati* are beginning to discuss the philosophy of corsets and tight lacing. What can be more beautiful, said one of them, than a fine open chest? 'Arrah! there you have it my honey,' said an Irishman, 'if there's plenty of silver in it.'

'Jem,' said a gentleman to his servant, 'where did you get this fish from? it's a very bad one.' 'Why, sir, I got it from our fish-woman, and I don't know what motive she could have had to sell me a bad fish.' 'It must have been a *selfish* motive, Jem.'

RURAL REPOSITORY.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 24, 1831.

Albany Literary Gazette.—The first number of a new periodical bearing this title, was issued in the city of Albany, on the third of September, and will continue to be published every other Saturday by Jermain & Nicholson, corner of State and North Market Streets. The number before us contains a large quantity of interesting matter, both original and selected. The publishers of the Gazette offer ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for the best Original Tale, and FIFTY DOLLARS for the best Original Poem, to be forwarded to John P. Jermain, on or previous to the first of December next.

The Adelpi.—This is the title of a semi-monthly miscellany published by the Students of William's College, and principally filled with original matter of their own composition.

LETTERS CONTAINING REMITTANCES.

Received at this office, from Agents and others, for the Eighth Volume, ending September 20th.

S. Strickland, Liberty, Ga. \$5; J. Bigelow, Watertown, N. Y. \$1; F. W. Morse, East Dorset, Vt. \$1; J. C. Welch, Rhinebeck, N. Y. \$1; H. Gaylord, Gaylord's Bridge, Ct. \$1; C. Leonard, Syracuse, N. Y. \$1; M. P. Cobb, Brewster, Ms. \$1; J. K. Armstrong, Lower Redhook, N. Y. \$1; C. St. Clair, Albion, N. Y. \$1.

SUMMARY.

Barbadoes has been literally destroyed by a hurricane. About 5000 lives were lost, and the island is entirely ruined—a complete wreck.

It is mentioned in the Philadelphia Chronicle, that it is proposed to raise in that city a company of volunteers to go out in aid of the Poles.

MARRIED.

In this city, on Tuesday the 13th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Stedime, Mr. Nicholas G. Ogden, of New-York, to Miss Caroline Barker, daughter of Mr. Marks Barker.

In Claverack, on the 10th inst. by the Rev. J. Berger, Mr. John Dederick, of Clinton, Dutchess Co. to Miss Hannah, daughter of the late Mr. William Dederick, of Claverack.

At Livingston, on the 7th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Holmes Mr. Almer Reed, of the firm of Reed & Judson, Coxsack, to Miss Helen Van Dusen, youngest daughter of John Van Dusen, Esq.

In Waterford, on Monday the 29th of August, by the Rev. Mr. Bagardus, Mr. Isaac M. Comstock, to Miss Eliza Hasey.

At Kinderhook, on the 8th inst. by the Rev. I. Sickles, Mr. H. K. Flagler, Merchant, to Miss Mary Vaillet, all of the same place.

At Athens, on Sunday, the 4th inst. by the Rev. C. C. Van Cleef, John P. Tolley, Esq. aged 67, to Miss Elsie Van Valkenburgh, aged 21.

DIED.

In Great Barrington, Mass. on the 24 inst. in the 40th year of her age, Mrs. Dolly M. Pynchon, wife of Mr. George Pynchon, and daughter of Major S. Rosseter.

In New York, on the 3d inst. Dr. Samuel L. Mitchell, aged 66 years.



ORIGINAL POETRY.

Third Prize Poem.

Written for the Rural Repository, by James Dixon.

THE VILLAGE GRAVEYARD.

Here on this mound,
Beneath whose gentle swell, perchance is laid
A mother's fervent love, a father's joy,
Let me recline. It is not well to be
Buried in life's dull cares. The freeborn soul
Would break away, from the cold, heartless world,
And mingle with the spirits of the dead,
And read its destiny among the tombs,
Whose silent ministry, so calm, and still,
Speaks peace to the care-stricken mourner's heart.

There is a voice,
In every breeze that sweeps above these graves,
I hear it sighing through the long thin grass,
And now the gentle murmur dies away,
With the declining wind, and as it comes,
Again in its low tones upon the ear,
Then rushes back to the o'erflowing heart,
E'en in its pride, and joy of youthful health,
A saddening sense of man's mortality.
Oh! who can tell what hopes are buried here,
Where youth, and hoary age together sleep,
Changing the labours of life's pilgrimage,
For the still quiet of the mouldering grave.
Oh! it is sad to see the young and fair
Sink in the morn of life, the spring of hope,
Into the halls of the returnless tomb—
To mark the trembling limb, and pallid cheek,
And the fierce lustre of the death-lit eye,
Which once had beamed with life, and health and joy,
And know that we must wither even so,
Leaving the pleasant air, and the green earth,
For the dark regions of eternal night.
Yet this is human life, to linger here,
A few short years—to watch the parting breath
Of those we love—to see the gorgeous hopes,
Our youth had pictured, wither, and decay,
To feel our pulses chilling with disease,
And then to follow those, whom we have laid
Under the crumbling sod, and mingle there,
'Ashes with ashes.'

The rounded tomb, the marble monument,
Oh! what are these to him that slumbers here?
They bear no sound of warning to his ear,
Their lettered tablets may not meet his eye,
And yet they stand for him—for him alone,
Who may not feel their presence. Men may gaze,
In silence on their beauty, and may deem
Their swelling praise an honour to the dead,
And yet he sees it, feels it not: his heart
Is all unconscious of their heraldry.
Oh! I would have no stone to mark my grave;
I would be buried where no foot might press
The whispering grass, which waved above my head,
Where none might break the quiet of my sleep,
But in my peaceful slumber let me rest.
If it be sad, to see the silent grave
Close over those whom we have loved on earth,
Yet we would joy, that there doth come an hour,
Which shall proclaim their immortality.

HOME.

I knew my father's chimney top,
Though dearer to my heart than eye.

And watch'd the blue smoke reeking up,
Between me and the winter sky.
Wayworn I trace the homeward track
My wayward youth had left with joy;
Unchanged in soul, I wander'd back,
A man in years—in heart a boy.
I thought upon its cheerful hearth,
And cheerful hearts' untainted glee,
And felt of all I'd seen on earth,
This was the dearest spot to me.

From the Lady's Book.

HE IS GONE! HE IS GONE!

He is gone! he is gone!
Like the leaf from the tree.
Or the down that is blown
By the wind o'er the sea,
He is fled, the light-hearted!
Yet a tear must have started
To his eye when he parted
From love-stricken me!
He is fled! he is fled!
Like a gallant so free,
Plumed cap on his head,
And sharp sword by his knee:
While his gay feathers flutter'd,
Sure something he mutter'd,
He at least must have utter'd,
A farewell to me!
He's away! he's away!
To far lands o'er the sea—
And many's the day
Ere home he will be;
But where'er his steed prances
Amid thronging lances,
Sure he'll think of the glances
That love stole from me!
He is gone! he is gone!
Like the leaf from the tree;
But his heart is of stone
If it ne'er dream of me!
For I dream of him ever!—
His buff coat and beaver,
And long sword, O! never
Are absent from me!

ENIGMAS.

Answer to the PUZZLES in our last.

PUZZLE I.—Shaft.

PUZZLE II.—Because he is given to blubber.

NEW PUZZLES.

I.
He who 'tis said stole Helen from home,
The goddess of silence—the first king of Rome,
A famous soothsayer—a Grecian of old,
Whose voice was remarkably strong we are told;
These initials when placed in a right situation,
Will show you the capital town of a nation.

II.
With the half of a measure and plural of I,
The name of a poet you soon may descry.

JUST RECEIVED AND FOR SALE BY

A. STODDARD,

A few sets of The Dutchman's Fireside, by Paulding; also a general assortment of Coloured Cards and Letter Paper, Visiting Cards, Penknives, Paints, Pencils, Stationary, &c.

RURAL REPOSITORY,

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¶ All Orders and Communications must be post paid to receive attention.